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THE WIZARD'S WORK

THE YOUNGEST HEAD OF A STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

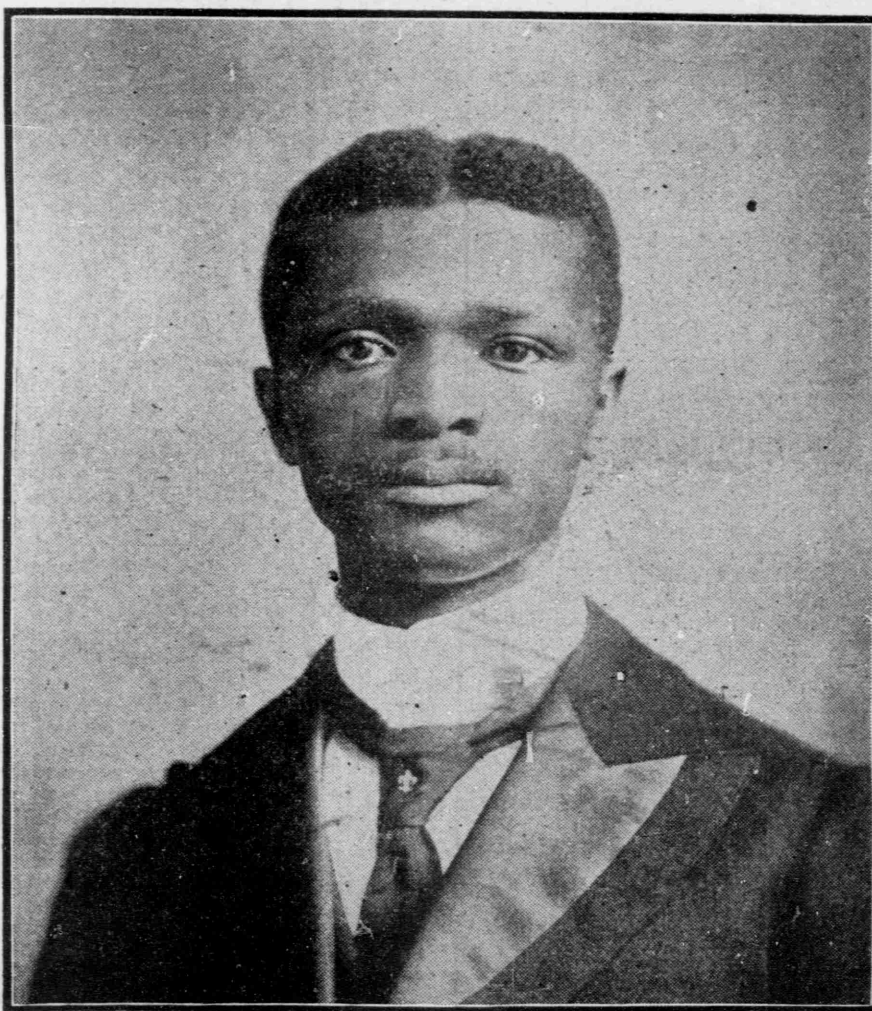
Mr. Isaac Fisher a Graduate of the Tuskegee Institute Elected Principal of the Branch Normal College at Pine Bluff Arkansas in his Twenty-fifth Year—A Product of the South.

It has long been the fashion for persons who seek to disparage the value of the training given at the Tuskegee Institute, to assert that the graduates of that school, succeed very well in positions which require no great amount of mind culture, but that the Tuskegee man is an impossibility in the higher places of which honor and remuneration which wait on valuable service are the rewards. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the motives of those who father the statements; but rather to point to a living example of Tuskegee upon the life of one young man. The big prizes in the various fields of human endeavor are won only by the few who do their work exceptionally well; and the records of the oldest institutions in this country show that from the great lists of their graduates, respectively, only a few names may be taken to represent those who have been successful in forcing recognition at the hands of their fellows. Tuskegee is no exception to this rule; but according to the sneers which are often predicated of its work, it has no right to produce any character who has taken one of the big prizes.

Ten years ago a boy no better and no worse than the average city lad, reached the Tuskegee Institute from Vicksburg, Mississippi. He was like hundreds of other boys who go to that school, without means to pay for his education; and so he was compelled to enter the night school; but he was willing to work, and had no choice as to the kind of work to be assigned him. Very soon he began to attract the attention of the faculty; not only by his studious habits and general earnestness, but by his ability as a speaker as well. Some impromptu remarks made by him in one of the weekly prayer meetings, concerning the late Robert Ingersoll, impelled Professor Booker Washington to send for him while he was still a Prep and promise him moral and material assistance to help complete his course, if he would push on as he was doing. The boy kept pegging away, and never stopped for any discouragement; and finally, when the school had brought him around rather sharply once or twice to curb his high-strung temperament, it decided that Isaac Fisher was entitled to graduate as valedictorian of the class of 1899.

His alma mater had already paid tribute to his ability as an instructor, by employing him as a teacher in its academic department before he com-

MEN OF THE HOUR



MR. ISAAC FISHER.

Principal of the Branch Normal College, Pine Bluff, Ark.

pleted his course. When a call came three months before his graduation for a teacher and Negro Conference Organizer for the Schofield School, at Aiken, South Carolina, Mr. Fisher was sent to take the position. One year later he was called to be Assistant Northern agent for the Tuskegee Institute. The Schofield School paid a tribute to his work by immediately offering to meet any salary offered him by anyone else. He decided to take the northern work; and not only did he start a stream of money towards Tuskegee, but he at once took rank as an effective speaker before the critical audiences of the East. Three months after Mr. Fisher went North, Miss Caroline B. Hazard, President of Wellesley College, Massachusetts, an institution for white women, wrote Principal Washington as follows:

"I cannot forbear sending you a line to tell you how admirably your Mr. Fisher and the Tuskegee Quartette, which is with him are fulfilling their office. They were here last night, and Mr. Fisher made a most eloquent address. It was very much out of the

ordinary and stirred us all to real enthusiasm. * * * In particular, I can hardly speak too warmly of Mr. Fisher's gift as an orator. I am sure you must have a valuable worker in him."

During the two years he remained in the North, the letters to Mr. Washington, and the references of such papers as the New York Sun, Times, Tribune, the Philadelphia Press, North American, and Ledger, concerning him were highly flattering.

Upon his own request Mr. Fisher was then transferred to the southern field, and was made Negro Conference Agent for Tuskegee, in Alabama. He had been engaged in this work but a few months when the Board of Education of Montgomery, Alabama, selected him as Principal of the Swayne Public School, the largest and oldest school for Negroes in that city. In the middle of the school year and under conditions well calculated to dishearten an old veteran in the work, the young man took up his new work; and even though rebellion met him

A SOLDIER CITIZEN

REV. WM. H. MITCHELL AN APOSTATE.

Sergt. Early Hicks a Veteran of Two Wars Takes Issue With a Ministerial Mountebank—A Slanderer of Women has no Right in the Pulpit—A Tribute to Bishop Hood.

Ft. Assiniboine, Mont., Special—If the report of the speech recently delivered by one, Rev. William H. Mitchell, of South Carolina, in a leading New York Church, is true, we regret to say that he has made a serious blunder, if not a sad mistake. He has probably uttered words that will finally undo the making of the man. Among the many startling things he is quoted as saying, is the following: "The Negro mothers are a low lot, etc."

The above may apply to Rev. Mitchell's own especial case and surroundings, but of that we know nothing. Be that as it will or may, the case does not warrant a sufficient excuse. A Godly gentleman of color has risen before an audience of the select and has degraded, berated and villified the mothers of a struggling and God-fearing race that has tens of thousands of mothers of whom the said gentleman knows nothing!

If the Rev. Mitchell plead guilty to the authorship of such a remark, he is unworthy of his title. He is unworthy of a man's garments. He should don his baby dresses as of yore, and instead of vibrating like a fool in great cities, confine himself to the guardianship of the state line of South Carolina. Love thy neighbor as thyself Rev. Mitchell, and slander not your women. Honor thy mother, for though she go down in disgrace, she will shed a tear for you when you are dying.

In the sad, red glow of life's fading day, Jesus Christ's sympathies went out for his mother. Though her head was bowed in grief and tears, his last words to her were words of manliness—such as should always be spoken of those who sorrowed that we might see the light of day. We see no account where Christ ever belittled the mothers of his time, but we read of where he cautioned the erring woman to go and sin no more.

Rev. Mitchell, go lift up the fallen, counsel the erring one and do not make a bridge of the weak over which you can stride into power and position. Remember that in all ages and among all people, a deep regard for the fair name of woman has been considered a concomitant of true courage, knight-hood and chivalry.

Rev. S. A. Chambers, of South Carolina is a solid rock in the A. M. E. Zion connection. He is a pretty good writer and is a true-hearted soul of God. He demonstrates the qualities

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